

SHE WOULD RATHER KILL HER PRETTY BABIES THAN



Mrs. Maud Maynard Noel, of Chicago, would permit no child to live who was not perfect at birth. Should a child become a cripple, or blind, or dumb, she believes its life should end at once. So steadfast are her convictions that she is ready to sacrifice her own children, if necessary. She is a reformer who really believes in reform.

It is not only with the children that Mrs. Noel's ideas would deal, but with the criminal classes, with all that does not tend to elevate mankind. The aged and infirm, she holds, would be far happier if a physician would quietly end existence for them.

These remarkable theories are advanced by a slender, youthful woman, who seems ill fitted to cope with the world. A widow—for her husband died several years ago—she supports herself and her two lovely children, Corinne and Tommy, whom she declares herself willing to sacrifice if circumstances take so sad a turn as to render it necessary. This is her belief, and the accompanying statement is given as she made it for the readers of the Sunday Journal:

"I believe the world should rid itself of those who are, or are likely, to be a burden to themselves and to society. If my own children should become otherwise than sound and healthy I should consider it a blessing to remove them without delay. No matter what my own grief would be I should consider that I would really be benefiting my children more than if I permitted them to live.

In my own family there is an instance which clearly shows how true my belief is, how necessary it is to the advancement of the world that it should be carried out. I have a niece who has been blind since born, and for years has been crippled and unable to care for herself. There are six other children in the family, and each year I can see the lines of sorrow sharpening in their faces. Not only is the unfortunate girl's life void of happiness to herself, but it is the source of positive injury and injustice to her sisters and brothers. It would have been an act of kindness if the physician who attended at her birth had removed her from this world.

"In the case of infants imperfect at birth, physicians should be empowered by statute to use judgment in getting rid of them. I cannot believe any right minded mother would object to this course. Such removal would be a blessing to both child and parent, and an inestimable boon to the race. It would save suffering to the weaklings themselves and untold care, annoyance and mortification to those responsible for their being.

Besides this, it would limit the possible reproduction of their like and thus relieve society of a curse. To unfortunate of this description there is no friend like death, and it is best it should come while they are yet in an infirm state. The removal of non-productive individuals under these conditions should be relieved by law from the odium of murder. It should be placed in charge of reputable physicians and legally sanctioned.

It is a menace to our well-being to have a race of criminals perpetuated. Idiots are worthless, and there can be no joy in life for those who are hopelessly crippled or deformed. The presence of afflicted persons is a positive injury to those more happily circumstanced, and especially where bonds of relationship make this latter class responsible for the care of the unfortunate.

Thousands of children are born into the world daily under conditions which mean pain and misery to themselves and weariness in body and soul to others to the end of their days. Everybody knows this and everybody who is brave admits it would be best to end the heartaches on the threshold of life. Where this has been neglected through mistaken pity or ignorance of mankind's real rights at the beginning, it is not too late to do the good work when events so shape themselves that these unfortunate come into the hands of the authorities. Surely there must be some way of getting the requisite legislation. We have men who frame laws for nearly every conceivable thing except the vital one of protection of the physical side of society, and this is something well worthy their attention.

I would also have old and infirm persons, when they have become helpless charges, physically and mentally, treated in the same manner as the infants whose coming into the world means only sorrow.

I think the authorities should decide the means to be employed for their removal. In fact, I would suggest that a board of physicians be appointed whose duty it would be to fix the fate of those submitted to them for examination and pronounce the method to be employed in removing them.

Another thing which should certainly be done is to rid the world of criminals, young and old.

We have no room for the chronic criminal, and society should not be charged with the expense of his maintenance. It takes a fabulous amount of money to jail and care for this class of disreputables, and it might be better spent in other ways. It is an evil to have to support penitentiaries and insane asylums and almshouses when we need more schools, art galleries, parks and other beautiful and elevating accessories.

The whole matter seems very simple to me, although I am aware many people misunderstand me and are liable to controvert my position. Everything but humanity is duly husbanded by man, and all the useless and infectious materials cut away. When a husbandman trims his orchard he cuts out all the dead and superfluous wood in order that the fruit of the remaining trees may be more perfect. The same rule should apply to mankind.

We should get rid of the objectionable and evil elements to the end that the human fabric may be strengthened and improved. We have too many so-called reformers who band themselves into organization for doing this and that, but never accomplish anything but a little self-glorification. What the world needs is more strong-minded, brave men and women, who will make themselves examples of good and in this way accomplish true reforms in humanity instead of merely trying aimlessly to reform things. The trouble is most of our reformers are noisy talkers or faddists and few of them are real workers.

FAMILY P

SOME UTAH L...
ROWFUL



THE women of Utah are mourning, and will not be comforted. Times are good in Utah. There has been no "panic" among the Mormons. There are very few jails there and there isn't a pauper in the church. Saloons do not flourish in Utah, and the Mormon farmers seem to have solved the problem of how to farm without a mortgage. The "best" Mormon women are a great deal like the "best" Gentile women. They are pretty, well-mannered and well-dressed. Most of them seem to have plenty of money for all ordinary needs. They live in neat, pretty houses, which look decidedly like homes. They go to church and to Sunday school, Mormon church and Mormon Sunday school, of course, and give dinner parties, and act very much like the best women in a small city anywhere in the United States. It is a little startling to hear them talk about polygamy. They don't call it polygamy. They call it plural marriage, and they say it is not only a religious duty, but a very practical and useful privilege. The first woman who told the writer, a young woman reporter, about plural marriage, and why she and other Mormon women wished the United States had not interfered with it, was a motherly soul, with hair like pure silver; kind, twinkling blue eyes, and a voice that sounded as if it had sung some happy cradle song that it couldn't help crooning forever after. "I came out here in '49," she said—"came across the plains in an emigrant wagon. My first child had a clothes basket for a cradle, and she went to sleep to the wind blowing in the prairie grass. My husband had ten wives. He'd died now, and there are only five of us left to mourn him. I was very happy with my husband. All of us were happy with him. He was a good husband. I guess he was happy with us, too, though I can't say I envy a man with ten wives to please. That's the mistake you Gentiles make. You always say, 'Oh, it's very well for the man.' Now, I tell you, it isn't always so very well for a man. It takes a pretty good man to live in plural marriage, and live happy."

The woman's blue eyes twinkled with a sort of retrospective mischief. "Well, well," she said, "that isn't all of it—the happiness. We Mormons don't look on marriage as a mere selfish right. We look upon it as a religious duty. You know, we believe that the woman who rears the most children has the highest place in heaven. The same way with a woman. We man rules over all his wife's life to when he dies. The more she rebels he has the greater is his kindness if we do not believe we were put upon this earth to marry, and that's the way we feel against the law."

That woman was not a first wife; she was a last wife. It is said by her friends that her husband is very much in love with her.

All these things are not overwhelming.

...said this woman, 'I am a...
I am not going to talk...
the religious part of our...
plural marriage. You wouldn't...
and I'm going to talk plain...
I believe in it, because I...
it's better for women. When a...
growing tired, her children...
at her dress for attention, she...
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in the plainer ranks. Rich people can...
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MOUSE, THE PAH-UTE.

THE VILLAINOUS REDSKIN HAS BEEN KILLED.



That Was a Wonder of Endurance—
Man Down by a Large Poison. He Re-
fused to Surrender, and Courtied Death
at the Muzzle of a Rifle.

MOUSE, the red-handed murderer, the Pah-Ute who revels in the blood of the innocent, unsuspecting victims of his hate, the demon who murdered two white men in a canon on the Colorado because a Hindu-Indian had stolen his squaw, the long-pursued, elusive Mouse, is dead. His carcass, pierced with a dozen bullet holes, lies among the bleak, sun-scoured rocks of the sagebrush mesa near Muddy creek, in Southwestern Nevada. The posse of brave, tireless men who followed him for days and nights overtook the fleeing savage near where they had first struck his trail, and after a vain attempt to capture him alive, shot him to death. More than 100 shots were fired.

Mouse was a hardy child of the desert, used to long, waterless journeys afoot over the inhospitable sands of Southwestern Nevada and southwestern California. For it was in the desert that Mouse was born and grew up. That is why it has been such a long search—such a tiresome, hopeless, fruitless search. Hundreds of dollars have been spent in travel over the desert, hundreds of men have been on the lookout for the murderer; for all the prospectors in the country had heard of his crime, all were expecting him to appear some day and ask for food and then kill the giver when his back was turned. So every Indian that came in sight of a prospector's camp was closely watched, and if he came close enough his physical proportions and his features were carefully noted. If they tallied in any way with the printed descriptions of Mouse he was either arrested or a message was sent to inform the sheriff that some one looking like Mouse had been seen at this mining camp or in that canon or mountain.

All these reports were run down and proved false alarms. This thing continued till a few weeks ago, when the right trail was struck and the right Indian was run to earth and shot to death.

After months of fruitless search a report had reached the sheriff of Mohave county at Kingman, Ariz., that an Indian had been caught sight of in the Charleston mountains in Southern Nevada. This is one of the most inaccessible and least frequented spots of that sparsely inhabited region. A deputy was dispatched with Indian trappers. As they approached the mountain across the desert valley Mouse saw them coming, and when they reached the hiding place he had chosen, he lay on his way to the canyon, over the rocks, and he would be most difficult to find him and where the last sign of a trail would be left. But the Indians behind were as expert at following a trail as the one in the lead was at concealing it. So after three days of pursuit the party brought up within ten miles of the Muddy. Here the trappers quit, and no amount of talk, threats or promises of reward could induce them to go one step farther. They were bad friends with the Indians of the Muddy. A feud existed between them, and so they turned back.

Two days later an old squaw on the hard riders of the country. He was riding behind the Daltons, Zip, Wagon Jack, and all the other long-horn men, and captured plenty of the fry of "ornery cusses" of the Muddy. He knows all about the gang, call their names and tell the names of many who have been taken. "There's a fellow named Mouse," he continued, "there's a fellow named Mouse, and many I've seen taken I never would equal on his path was captured or shot. The deputy marshals, and they shooting match, and they the worst of it, they would us and howl with glee. I learn we wanted certain Indians that some of our plans had I saw one member of the ty, when he had a gun in him, and was dying, raised elbow, damn every deputy could see, and swear he could any man in the Territory slay if he had a gun and an even When they were shot and die they would try to grab our pistols us when we were endeavoring to them comfortable. They would the last, but they wouldn't give away. They played a hard game. They took defeat like men. They are pretty well-known of the country down there in



MOUSE IN HIS WAR PAINT.

...creek went to her cabbage patch in the morning, and lo, a cabbage was gone. It had been there the night before, for she had counted it twice, and now its place was vacant. She reported this outrage to her "buck," and after an investigation it was decided that whoever stole that cabbage was as anxious to conceal his tracks as he was to eat. Who could it be but Mouse? A party of three white men and six Indian trappers took the trail and followed it by day and by moonlight. It led north. For 150 miles it followed the roughest, most desolate mountain regions in all Nevada. Never did Mouse forget to try to hide his trail. Almost never did he seem to sleep. On and on, and on he went. When at last it was apparent that he could not go much farther without running into civilization the trail suddenly swerved, turned, and actually started back in the direction that it came from. Three days more and the pursuers were back within a few miles of the Muddy again. Runners were sent ahead at night to notify the people there that Mouse was headed that way again, and in the morning 25 more Indians and whites joined the party.

Fresh trailers, fresh men all round, and soon the form of Mouse came in sight. He was taking his ease for a few moments. He must have been in a rest! Three hundred miles in seven days, with nothing to eat except what chance. Approaching carefully in fifty yards of where Mouse lay, the men made ready to shoot. "Throw down your arms," they called. "Throw up your hands," they called. "Throw up your hands," they called.

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...said this woman, 'I am a...
I am not going to talk...
the religious part of our...
plural marriage. You wouldn't...
and I'm going to talk plain...
I believe in it, because I...
it's better for women. When a...
growing tired, her children...
at her dress for attention, she...
has no time to bother with a husband...
She needs all her time and strength...
for her children. You take a woman...
in the plainer ranks. Rich people can...
get along in any condition, plural or...
single; but you take a farmer's wife or...
a carpenter's wife. Now when her...
husband's around she's got to get three...
meals a day, three meals a day, three...
meals a day, the year round, sick or...
well, happy or blue. She's got to keep...
looking out for her husband. Now it...
comes pretty good news to that woman...
to know that her husband is going to...
take a new wife. She knows he'll be...
taken up with the new wife for a while...
and she can get a few minutes' breath-...
ing spell. Then, a man's better to his...
wives than he is to one wife. If one of...
them is stupid he comes to her when he...
wants rest. When he's tired of rest...
and wants amusement he goes to the...
wife who can talk and sing and dance...
And he doesn't 'hetchel' either of them...
into misery telling her what she ought to...
be and isn't."

That woman was not a first wife; she was a last wife. It is said by her friends that her husband is very much in love with her.

All these things are not overwhelming.

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